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THE

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.)

## An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

*George Q. Cannon, Editor.*

No. 5.

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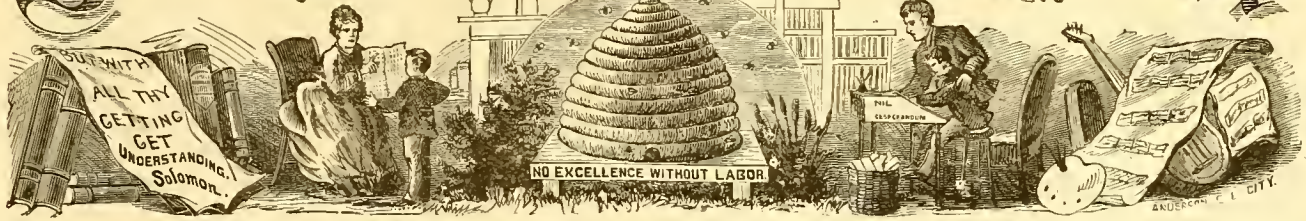


# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XX.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1885.

NO. 5.

## A VIOLENT TEMPER CURED.

WILLIE and Dot Morsey had many little quarrels among themselves while playing together, and from angry words they often came to blows. Willie was three years older than his sister and he had been petted so much by his mother that he thought his will should be law to everyone, his little sister not excepted; while Dot felt she had some rights that should be respected.

One day they were forced to remain in the house all the time, as it was too stormy for them to seek amusement outside. As usual on such occasions they played "keeping house," "going on the cars," etc., until they became somewhat weary. Willie then commenced playing with his shuttlecock, and his sister seated herself in a corner to dress her doll. Before long the former began to trespass on the rights of his sister by striking with his battledoor uncomfortably near her head. She gently remonstrated at first, but he seemed determined to annoy her. Her angry passions then began to rise and some very improper language was used. Finally in her anger Dot seized the shuttlecock and threw it into the fire and Willie in retaliation took her doll and threw it violently on the floor thus breaking both its legs off. Then ensued a very disgraceful scene. Words and blows followed each other in rapid succession until Willie hurled his little sister on the floor with such force as to completely stun her for a few moments. Then with-

out realizing what he had done, he silently seated himself on a chair and sulked.

After a few moments Dot's eyes opened in a dazed sort of way, but as they rested on Willie they became very bright.

Slowly the little girl raised herself and crept to her brother's side. There with tears in her eyes she begged him to forgive her cruel words and wrong actions. At first he turned away but in a moment he, too, relented and sought pardon. Immediately they were reconciled, but none too soon, for scarce had the confessions of error been made, before Dot became unconscious and had to be placed in bed. Then followed days of sorrow for Willie and suffering for Dot. The severe blow she received when thrown down by her brother produced a dangerous illness which well nigh proved fatal. Oh how much Willie suffered! From morning till night he would sit by the bedside and beg forgiveness of the dear one lying before him; while in his heart he felt almost like a murderer. For him this was a severe lesson but it was effectual. From that day he never allowed his angry passions to gain

the mastery over him no matter how much he was annoyed.

We hope our little readers may never have to learn how to control themselves by any such sad experience. If any of you happen to have a bad temper commence now to govern it. Make it subject to you. If angry words rise to your lips





think of them and then count forty before you attempt to utter them, and very likely by that time you will have lost all desire to say anything improper. If you are tempted to do an improper action think twice before you do it. Thus your power over yourselves will continue to increase as you grow older, and it will be an easy task for you to exercise self-control, while a disregard of these things in your youth may bring sorrow and perhaps disgrace and ruin upon you in later years.

STREB.

## GIBRALTAR.

### LETTER II.

MY former letter on Gibraltar closes with a victory for Tarik's army. He being encouraged with his prospects of the possession of the Gothic dominion set to with a will, and ordered the erection of a castle in a prominent place, about 800 feet above sea level. It was completed in the year 725, and is now called the Moorish castle. It still stands in a wonderfully well-preserved condition, although it has been the mark for many shots in numerous sieges. Many are the marks of the cannon balls on the old castle. It is a very interesting object because of its age and ancient construction. Travelers consider this one of the very interesting sights of Gibraltar. From the date of its possession by the Phœnicians until it came under Moorish rule it passed successively through the hands of the Carthagenians, Romans and Visigoths.

In 1161, the primitive works constructed by Tarik were largely increased by Abed-L-Mumen-Iben-Ali, under the personal direction of his son, and so formidable were they that it was not until the year 1309 that Ferdinand, king of Castile, succeeded in completely overcoming the Arabians who occupied the place; but in this year the infidels were routed with great loss.

Although Gibraltar increased in importance, Algeiras, on the opposite side of the bay, five miles distant, nearly obscured it in the history of the times. The Goths, or Spaniards had resumed their former discipline and valor, while their conquerors, the infidels, Saracens or Moors, had declined into luxury and effeminacy. The result was that the Goths began to regain many of their former possessions.

In the year 1333, Abomelique, son of the emperor of Fez, was dispatched with further assistance to the Moorish king of Granada, who immediately laid siege to Gibraltar. Abomelique commenced his attack on the Moorish castle, as this was at that time the strongest of all the fortifications. The Spanish governor, Vasco Perez-De-Myra, defended it with equal obstinacy. But Perez having embezzled the money which was advanced to victual the garrison, the troops and inhabitants suffered great distress, and after five months surrendered.

Five days after, the Spaniards under Alonzo attacked Gibraltar at three points. Several severe assaults had been made on the castle, when Matomet, king of Granada, joining Abomelique's forces, encamped in the rear of the Spaniards, his forces extending across the isthmus, which is only half a mile wide, from the bay to the Mediterranean. This is the only land connection with Gibraltar. Being thus cut off the Spanish leader was obliged to capitulate.

Alonzo, not being satisfied with his defeat, encamped before Gibraltar in the beginning of 1349 and laid waste the gardens

and houses of pleasure in its neighborhood. In the course of several months the castle was just ready to capitulate when a pestilential disease swept away many of the besiegers, among whom was Alonzo, who expired March 26, 1350, when the siege was raised.

The descendants of Abomelique remained in quiet possession until 1410, when Jusaf III., king of Granada, took it. The following year the inhabitants revolted against the Granadian Alcadia and drove him from the castle. He wrote to the emperor of Morocco to be taken under his protection. The emperor dispatched his brother, Sayd, with 1,000 horse and 2,000 foot to their assistance. The king of Granada, being informed that Sayd had garrisoned the castle, marched with an army, sending his fleet around the bay, and appeared before the place in 1411. Sayd met him, but being worsted retreated within the castle, and as he was much distressed for want of provisions he finally yielded.

In 1435, Henry de Guzman, Count de Nibla, formed a design of attacking Gibraltar by land and sea; but while imprudently skirmishing with the garrison from his galleys before his son, John de Guzman, arrived with the land forces, he was defeated and forced to retreat. In the confusion he himself lost his life and many of his followers were killed and drowned.

In 1462, a civil war broke out in Granada and a great part of the garrison of Gibraltar was withdrawn. While in this condition it was besieged and surrendered to John de Guzman, duke of Medina Sidonia. From that time it has remained in the hands of the Christians, after having been in the possession of the Mahometans 748 years. Henry IV., of Castile and Leon, being pleased with the conquest added to it his royal titles and gave it for a coat of arms, *Gules*, a castle proper, with a key pendant to the gate, (hence it is alluded to as the key of the Mediterranean), which arms have ever since been continued. Pedro de Poras was appointed governor, but King Henry, in the succeeding year, suppressed him and gave the command to Don Bertrand. In the year 1540, Pial-Tamet, one of the Barbary captains, surprised and pillaged Gibraltar. In 1589, during the reign of Charles V., the fortifications of the town were modernized and several additions made by Daniel Spekel, the emperor's engineer, after which the place was thought impregnable.

In 1704, Gibraltar was wrested from the dominion of Spain by the English, under Admiral Sir George Rooke. This officer had been sent into the Mediterranean with a strong fleet in the Spring of 1704 to assist Charles, arch duke of Austria, in obtaining the crown of Spain.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

DIFFERENT QUALITIES OF GENIUS.—Every man should examine his own genius, and advise with himself what is proper to apply himself to; for nothing can be more distant from tranquility and happiness than to be engaged in a course of life for which nature has rendered thee unfit; for an active life is not to be undertaken by an unactive person; nor an unactive life by an active person; to one, rest is quiet and action labor; to another, rest is labor and action quiet; a mild and timorous man should avoid a military life, a bold and impatient man the easy; for one cannot brook war, nor the other peace.

APOSTASY.

BY BEN. E. RICH.

[In presenting the following article to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR I do not claim that it originated with me, on the contrary the most of it I have copied from the writings of Elders who labored in the missionary field before I was born. So in the words of the poet I will say,

"We have gathered posies from other men's flowers—  
Nothing but the thread that binds them is ours."]

IN order to have an understanding of this subject in full it would be necessary for us to go back to the days of our Father Adam and see how his children departed from the commandments of God from time to time, but my main object, at present, is to show up the apostasy from the principles taught by Jesus Christ and His apostles, and, with this purpose in view, will give a slight description of the condition of the Jews at the birth of Christ.

The Jews, although the chosen people of God, had often exhibited a rebellious disposition, which, at times, caused the most severe displeasure and wrath of the Almighty: yet, they ever had a profound reverence for their prophets who had passed from this stage of action, but, strange to tell, they often hated and even killed those who were present among them.

At the time our Savior appeared in their midst their condition was a sad one. For several hundred years previous, they had been left almost entirely without the aid of immediate revelation to guide them, consequently they were like a ship upon a stormy ocean, without a helm. Their learned doctors had taken the liberty of placing their private interpretation upon the law and the prophets, and as a consequence they were divided into numerous sects such as Pharisees, Sadducees and Essinees.

It is true they retained an attachment to Moses and the prophets but the spark of inspiration was so far extinguished that they did not discern the difference between Christ and an impostor, notwithstanding they were in constant expectation of His appearance. They evidently overlooked the prophecies relating to His first coming, and fixed their expectations upon the fulfillment of those that describe His second appearance. This being the case they could not stoop so low as to receive the meek and quiet Jesus who associated with illiterate fishermen and whose humble parentage contributed still more to render Him odious in the minds of the people. Our Lord first went to a man who had authority from God and was preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins and immediately on coming out of the water the Holy Ghost descended and rested upon Him in the form of a dove, while the voice of God recognized Him from the heavens and declared He was well pleased.

Thus we see that the principle of baptism for the remission of sins, has been testified of by the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Christ then went forth calling upon mankind to have *faith* in Him as the son of God, to *repent* of their sins and be baptized, or, in other words, to follow Him. He organized His Church with apostles, prophets, etc, placing these officers in His church for the work of the ministry till all the members thereof arrive at a unity of the faith. The main object of having inspired apostles and prophets at the head of His work was to keep its members from being "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine."

After being put to death He appeared to His servants and told them to wait for the Holy Ghost before going into the world to preach the gospel. After His disciples had received this power from on high they taught this same faith, repentance and baptism promising the blessings of the Holy Ghost to follow, which was imparted to believers by the laying on of hands. The organization and the principles are so plainly described in the Bible, that in the words of the prophet we might say that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

When honest-hearted persons received these principles they found themselves in possession of the power to cast out devils, speak with new tongues, heal the sick and if poison were administered to them they would receive no hurt. This they all received in fulfillment of a promise made to that effect by Jesus Christ Himself, which is recorded in the sixteenth chapter of Mark. The Lord did not say to His ministers; "go ye out into the world and where you can get the greatest salary there stay until a larger salary calls you somewhere else;" but on the contrary, He said: "Go, preach the gospel to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out the devils, freely ye have received, freely give, and take with you neither purse nor scrip." The salary promised to these ministers of the gospel was a storm of persecution.

We find that this doctrine of new revelation soon set Satan's kingdom in a rage; the hireling priests began to tremble and of course, had to do something to prejudice the minds of the people and therefore they set up a cry such as "Beelzebub the prince of devils, a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." The devil soon sent out his servants with "cart loads" of lies and the more sanctity they mixed with their lies the better it took with the people; and when everything else failed, they said, "If we let this man alone, the Romans will take away our nation." We shall have occasion to allude to this kind of treatment again before we close.

Our next object will be to learn when this church lost her authority, together with all her gifts and graces, for we find among the so-called Christian churches of to-day that they are disrobed of all her beautiful garments and even those who pretend to defend her are crying out that her gifts, graces and ordinances are useless in this age of the world. Did Christ establish the true order or did He not? We say He did; and if He understood His business and set up His church correctly, has any man a right to change it? And if any man, though he be an angel from heaven, should alter it in the least will he not come under Paul's curse, which says, "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, *let him be accursed.*" Christ placed these officers and ordinances in the church for the perfecting of the saints; and any one teaching contrary to this is a perverter of the gospel and anti-Christ in the full sense of the word.

(To be Continued.)

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.—None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but license, which never hath more scope or more indulgence than under tyrants. Hence it is that tyrants are not oft offended by, nor stand much in doubt of, bad men, as being all naturally servile; but in whom virtue and true worth most is eminent, them they fear in earnest, as by right their masters; against them lies all their hatred and corruption.—*Milton.*



## AN ENGLISH BOY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY J. W.

(Continued from page 55.)

AFTER our catechisation we each received a piece of bread and a tin ticket and were passed into other rooms. There was one room for single men, one for single women and one for married couples. Our room was a large, square one with a stove in the center and inclined boards all around for beds and another board raised up a little for a head-rest. There were no mattresses and only a few were able to obtain a thin coverlid, as there were not enough for all. The next morning we received a piece of bread for our tin tickets and then resumed our journey. We went as far as Warrington and again enquired for the night asylum. We found the place, but it was widely different from the one at Manchester. The reception room was small and dirty. There I conversed with my first professional tramp. I asked him his trade; he said he was a watch-maker, and added that it was the best trade in the world for a tramp, as one *need never get work*. Even should one go to a watchmaker's shop he need not be afraid; for if it was a wheel-maker's shop the tramp could be a fitter; and if a fitter's shop he could be a wheel-maker, and thus be safe anyway. He said he had tried various trades, and with all others he had been caught somewhere by finding work; but the watch-making had never failed him.

He told me of begging of a gentleman near London who asked him his trade. He answered that he was a coach-builder. The gentleman asked where he had worked. He answered by naming a large shop in London. The foreman's name was then asked, which he was fortunately able to give. The gentleman then remarked:

"I shall give you liberally as you are evidently not an impostor. If you could not have answered me, however, I would have sent you to prison."

The tramp considered that a narrow escape and was afraid thereafter of being a coach-builder, and he consequently decided to be a watch-maker. He also instructed me in the *art of begging*, saying:

"If you beg of a Quaker do not plead hunger or poverty, as that would fail; but simply say, 'Is it in your power to relieve me?' A Quaker does not like to lie, and on answering 'Yes,' will generally give."

He considered the surest way of getting money was when one could see a young couple walking out to put himself directly in front of them and ask. They will give in order to be rid of a beggar.

His last experience with work, as near as I can recollect, was given as follows: He begged of a gentleman near London, who asked why such a stout, able-looking man was begging and not working. The answer was that he would be glad to work if he could get some to do. The gentleman said, "Come with me and I will find you a job." He then took him into a large yard surrounded by a high wall. All around inside the wall were sheds, and under the sheds large piles of boulders. At various places were a seat, an anvil, a wire mask for the face, a hammer and a hoop set in a handle. The work was to break the stones small enough to drop through a two-inch hole in the anvil, and the pay was three pence (six cents), per bushel. The tramp went to work heartily and resolved to quit his wandering life. He was soon encouraged by seeing quite a large-looking pile of stones under the anvil; but his

arm ached a little and the hammer felt heavier than at first. He worked a while longer then looked again. The pile did not seem to have grown so fast as at first, but his arm ached more and the hammer felt still heavier. He now began to think how he could get away; because if caught sneaking away he would likely be sent to prison. Finally he went and told the clerk he had eaten no breakfast and asked for his pay so he could buy food. The clerk measured his stones and paid for one bushel. He bought a loaf of bread at a shop in the yard, and while eating it was watching for a chance to get out at the doors. He soon saw a chance and escaped. He had not gone far before he met a carriage full of ladies of whom he begged; one threw him a sixpence, and this, he said, forever spoiled him for work, as he had begged a sixpence in two minutes, and it would have taken him two hours to earn it.

Bed time came and the order was given for all the English (six in number), to go in first; the rest, forty or fifty Irish, were to wait. I was crowded behind and remarked to an Irish neighbor to let me pass and not to be ashamed of his country. He replied, "Arrah; if all the English were to have their heads cut off, you would be Irish to-morrow!"

We were catechised as at Manchester. I was polite, and found it to pay, even there. The pieces of bread were cut by the matron as needed and while I got a large piece, my tramp acquaintance, who was saucy, got a small, thin piece which he held up between his thumb and finger and blew at it as if to blow it away. We were shown into a large room with quite a number of beds. The bedsteads were of iron with gunny-sack ticks filled with chaff.

Our guide, a young woman, said, "Now, you six Englishmen can have that bed *to yourselves*, (pointing to one in a corner). You Irish can divide the rest." Evidently more than six to a bed. The bed was of the ordinary size and we got in three at the head and three at the foot. But when we wanted to turn or move, we had to give a general notice, as we could not do so otherwise.

Next morning we received another piece of bread and resumed our journey towards Liverpool, arriving about noon. We immediately commenced our enquiries among the shipping; but it happened to be the year of the Irish famine and there were boys in abundance and trade was bad. I had but one offer and that was to be bound apprentice to a ship that was bound for Calcutta. I was to go next day at ten o'clock to close the bargain; but I was too late, as another boy had offered and was taken.

On the second day after reaching Liverpool, while wandering around the docks I got tired and sat down by a cotton bale where I fell asleep. A gentleman awoke me and questioned me as to my business, etc., after which he gave me a sixpence. Up to this time I had eaten only corn which I gathered in the docks. I bought some food at night and had three halfpence left. I put the penny in one of my shoes and the halfpenny in the other for safe keeping, as I did not have a good opinion of my company at the night asylum in this city, which was the worst I had seen or visited. I had on a pair of good, new shoes, and when I went to the asylum I simply laid down on the floor in my clothes. I awoke in the night to find the shoe gone that had the penny in it. The string was gone from the other shoe and some trifles from my pocket; I think in trying to get the other shoe they aroused me. I never found my shoe again and walked around Liverpool and then home with but one shoe.

Next day in our enquiries after food we learned of a place where soup was distributed, and were informed where we could

get tickets. There were at this time three of us in company. We were directed to a certain place, either in a joke or a mistake, for on entering we found it to be a pawn shop. We asked for some tickets for soup and were directed higher up the street. The place we found was a police office and we were rather shy about going in; but we were hungry and I was elected speaker and went in. The officer accused us of being runaway apprentices. I told him I never was apprenticed, but had worked at home. He finally gave us tickets for each a quart of soup.

We went to a large building where was a row of very large tubs, each holding hundreds of gallons. The soup was made of oatmeal, pearl barley, etc. There was no meat. We ate heartily and went again next day for more soup, but were told we did not need to eat every day.

The day following we started for home and walked to Manchester before night. We went to the night asylum again but were refused bread because we had been there before. We reached Leeds the next day, where the night asylum was a nice, clean place and each occupant was given a loaf of good bread. Our pockets were searched to see if we had any money concealed on us. Next morning we were shown our road and informed that if we were found in town after telling them we were going somewhere else we would be sent to prison. We walked twenty-eight miles that day and I arrived home. I had been absent from home over a year and from my place of work over two weeks. My parents scarcely expected to see me again as I had not informed them of my going or intentions. The experience I gained on that journey, while it only increased my desire to see more of the world, made me resolve to try and have money in my pocket when I should start again.

About a year afterwards I obeyed the gospel, and a year later gathered to Utah.

I have since visited all those towns as an Elder preaching the gospel, but under very different circumstances from my former visit.

### NEARLY A MURDER.

YEARS ago when western America was but thinly populated each of the hunters, trappers or herders who ventured into the then wild region was supposed to be able and ready at all times to defend himself not only from wild animals but also from wicked men. No marshals and sheriffs were then found to pursue criminals, nor were courts in session to judge between man and man. The rough and frequently cruel law of still rougher men was often administered unjustly and many are the innocent persons convicted on slight circumstantial evidence that have suffered for deeds they never committed.

The cattle-thief in those days was considered by the herders to be worse than a murderer. The act of killing a man then was not viewed with much horror unless done in a very cowardly manner, but to steal an ox was a deed worthy of death. The talk of such an offense generally only ended in the death of the supposed guilty party.

That the hasty judgment of enraged herders was not always just the following incident will prove:

One hot day in July, some years ago, a herdsman was driving his cattle from a well-grazed pasture to a new location. As he drove the herd along a few other cattle that were in the

vicinity became mixed with his, and all efforts to separate them were in vain. He had not, however, reached his destination before about a dozen horsemen overtook him and demanded their cattle which he was accused of stealing.

He tried to explain but they told him to make his remarks short. He then offered to assist in separating the stray cattle from his own, but they only laughed at him and said they intended to confiscate the whole herd and leave him hanging on a tree as a warning to other thieves. The poor man was completely overcome, but as he was only allowed ten minutes in which to make his defense, he turned to his rough captors and said:

"How many of you have wives?"

Two or three nodded.

"How many of you have children?"

Another nod from several was the answer.

"Then I know who I am talking to, and you'll hear me: I never stole any cattle. I have lived in these parts over three years. I came from the States, after having failed in business during the panic.

"I have been saving. I have no home here; my family are in the East, for I go from place to place. These clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard-looking customer, but this is a hard country. Days seem like months to me, and months like years. Married men, you know that. But for the letters from home [here he pulled out some loving missives from his wife] I should get discouraged.

"I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts," and he handed them to his hearers. "I expected to sell out and go home in November. Here is the Testament my good mother gave me; here is my little girl's picture," and he kissed it very tenderly.

"Now, men, if you have decided to kill me for what I am innocent of, send these home, and send as much from the cattle as you can when I'm dead. Can't you send half the value? My family will need it."

"Hold on now; stop right there," said a rough ranger. "Now I say, boys," he continued, "I say, let him go. Give us your hand old boy; that picture and them letters did the business. You can go free."

"We'll do more than that," said another man of a family, "let's buy his cattle here and let him go."

And so they did. These rough men, uncouth in appearance, unlearned in speech, but noble at heart were melted to tears at this simple recital, and love was begotten in their hearts for the wife and child of a man whose life they had almost taken. They paid him full price in gold for his stock and never left his side until they saw him safely in the stage with his face turned towards home and family, and then with light hearts and joyful countenances they turned to resume their occupations.

D. V.

FALSEHOOD always endeavors to copy the mien and attitude of truth.

A MERE sanguine temperament often passes for genius and patriotism.

HE who can conceal his joy is greater than he who can conceal his griefs.

AVOID circumlocution in language. Words, like cannon balls, should go straight to their mark.



## Lessons for the Little Ones.

### GETTING A TESTIMONY.

**N**EVERY boy and girl who has come to years of understanding and is accountable before the Lord for his or her actions, should seek to get a testimony that the gospel is true. The earlier in life one receives this knowledge the better it will be for him. For it will be a guide and a help to him in his endeavors to serve the Lord acceptably while in youth.

Perhaps some children think themselves too young to receive such a testimony, and that it is not necessary that they should do so until they become men and women. It is a mistake to think like this. No child feels too young to ask its parents for what it needs, and if it asks for that which is for its good, it is given. Then why should a child be afraid to ask our Heavenly Father for what it is in need of, and which no one else can give? Our Heavenly Father may not answer those who go to Him for things they do not want; but He will never refuse to hear and answer those who wish to know how to serve Him aright.

The best and greatest men who have lived are those who sought in their youth the right way to serve the Lord. Joseph Smith, as good a man and as great a prophet as ever lived upon this earth, except our Savior, prayed to the Lord in his youth. He wanted to know the way of serving Him and the Lord Himself came down and spoke to him.

The Prophet Nephi, whose history is recorded in the Book of Mormon, tell us that he sought the Lord while very young, and that the Lord heard his prayers. He made the Lord his friend, and He bestowed upon Nephi many great favors. If you will read the account of his life, which is in the fore part of the Book of Mormon, you will learn how useful and mighty a man he became. You will also see how the course he took in life resulted in good, while his brothers who were wicked and disobedient, and who did not seek to do the Lord's will, brought a curse upon themselves and their children after them.

We might mention many other men whom the scriptures speak of that began early in life to learn the will of the Lord concerning them. Among these were Joseph, who became governor of Egypt, Solomon, the king of Israel, and Daniel, who rose to be the chief ruler in the great empire of Babylon.

Some children no doubt might ask, "How can we get a testimony of the truth of the gospel?" This is an important question, as it is very necessary that children should know how to get this knowledge.

When a person wants a certain thing he generally goes to the place where he thinks it is to be found in order to get it. The only one from whom a knowledge of the gospel can be had is our Heavenly Father. We must pray to Him in faith, and He will surely answer us. He may not appear to us or even send an angel, but He will give us a testimony that cannot be mistaken. We perhaps may not be convinced by some sign or miracle, but by the silent whisperings of the Holy Spirit. We should not ask for a testimony in the form of some wonderful display of God's power. It would not be wise to do so. The best testimony is a good degree of the Holy Spirit to dwell within us at all times. Then we will be continually receiving testimony upon testimony to strengthen our faith. This Spirit will cause many things to become as evidence in our eyes to the truth of the work of the Lord which otherwise would not appear so.

But to obtain and retain this Spirit we must seek earnestly and live in purity. It is a gift from the Lord to His children; but He only gives it to those who are worthy of it. He does not reward those who do not merit His blessing. Do not expect, therefore, the Lord will give you a knowledge of the gospel when you become men and women unless you ask for and show a desire to obtain it. It is better to try and get a testimony now while young.

### TIRED OF DOING RIGHT.

"Don't you get tired of trying to do right?" asked Rob of little Tim.

"Why, what do you mean?" replied Tim, a little startled.

"One day I tried hard to be good, not to get mad and all that sort of thing, and I never was so tired in my life."

Tim said thoughtfully: "It is hard work to do right, sometimes, but it is harder to be bad, I think. Just see, when you try to be good, you don't say and do so many mean things; but when you don't care and don't try, you are always uncomfortable and in trouble about something. I think it is a great deal harder to do bad."—*Ex.*



MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

AT the April Conference of 1882, I was called by the servants of God to fill a mission to New Zealand. I accordingly left Salt Lake City, May 2d, 1882, in company with other brethren who were appointed to a mission in the same country and proceeded to Ogden where I boarded the Central Pacific train which conveyed us towards the great Pacific Ocean.

But a short time elapsed after starting on the journey before I began to think of home and the very pleasant associations of wife, child, parents, brothers and sisters and friends that I was leaving behind me. The significance of my errand and the necessity of making God a succor and support gradually became perceptible, as I realized that I had passed from the bosom of the Church and from an influence heavenly and divine into one not as mutual and congenial.

During our journey through the western portion of Utah and eastern part of Nevada night's sable curtain shrouded the country; but next morning on awakening from a somewhat comfortable resting-place we found ourselves at the Humboldt Wells near the head of the Humboldt River, which was followed nearly all day towards its mouth.

In traveling through this part of Nevada there is little to be seen, as the country produces no vegetation, with the exception of those portions of meadow land which immediately skirt the river, over which roam numerous herds of poverty-stricken cattle. At the various stations passed nothing of interest was to be seen. Towards evening we left the Humboldt River and penetrated the narrows of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. By this time night had overtaken us; therefore we were prevented from viewing the beautiful scenery in which those mountains abound.

The unpleasant feelings created in one's mind by the uninteresting and desert-like appearance of Nevada are dispelled as rapidly as the twinkling of an eye by the smiling orchards, vegetable gardens, grass-carpeted pastures and fields, young vineyards, cherry and orange fields to be seen on either side of the railroad as the train emerges from the fastnesses of the mountains and rapidly descends the Pacific slope towards the metropolis of the West.

Not many hours' ride into the State of California brings us into the Sacramento depot which is elegantly embellished and fitted up with necessary conveniences for the accommodation of the passengers and trains. We remained at Sacramento, the capital of the State, twenty-five minutes, then crossed the Sacramento River on the great steam ferry-boat, *Solano*; I believe the largest in the world of the kind. It only required fifteen minutes for our whole train to be taken aboard of the boat, ferried three miles across the river and to be put on the track at the opposite side. Immediately we were again flying towards Oakland, the western terminus of the Central Pacific Railway. At this point the passengers are transferred from the train to the beautifully and commodiously-arranged ferry-boat on the San Francisco Bay, whence they are conveyed a distance of six miles to the city.

A view of the bay, covered with vessels of all descriptions, varying in size from the small pulling-boat to the mammoth steamer, sailing craft and man-of-war, is very grand. And the system of wharves and docks which project into the bay from the San Francisco side are also very interesting. These places of rest for the many plowers of the main are flanked

by hundreds of boats, whose towering masts clothed with yard-arms, sails and ropes, add to the beauty of the spectacle.

Arriving in San Francisco we learned with pleasure that we would be detained on account of the delay of the English mail, which was to be carried to New Zealand and Australia by the same ship which would carry us from our native country. This enabled us to remain there four days, during which time we viewed the great sights of the city, a description of which both time and space prevent me from giving.

On the afternoon of the 8th of May, 1882, myself and companions boarded the royal mail steamer, *City of Sidney*, and steamed out of the Golden Gate. After sailing on the ocean for some time, and as the American Continent passed from view, the great breakers made us feel very uncomfortable. Being in the cabin everything was nice; but, alas! I could not find an easy place upon the whole boat, and it was not long before I was very sea-sick, which caused me to feel uncomfortable during the remainder of the voyage.

On the morning of the seventh day out from San Francisco we arose with the hope of again seeing land, as we had previously been informed that on that morning we should arrive at the Sandwich Islands. We therefore leaned anxiously over the starboard side, looking with longing eyes for land. In the early part of the forenoon we sighted one of the islands in the dim distance. It appeared at first as a dark cloud; but as we neared this beautiful land, its rolling hills and gentle slopes, covered with grass and vegetation, became more visible, which tended to create mirth and joy in the breasts of those on board. At length we passed between two of the islands and rounded the head of the one on the right. We then beheld the beautiful town of Honolulu, almost obscured from view by the dense foliage of cocconut, banana, mango and other tropical trees. Immediately at the back of the city is Punch-bowl Hill, an extinct volcano.

A most interesting sight to us was to see, as we neared shore, a number of native boys who swam out to meet the ship as it was pulling along the wharf. These dusky children came for the purpose of diving for money, which was customarily thrown from the vessel by some of the cabin passengers. Ten and twenty-five cent pieces were thrown into the sea and these little aquatic experts would go down and get it before it would reach the bottom of the ocean.

The ship having been made fast to the wharf, we went ashore. To our happy surprise we met Elder H. H. Cluff, who was then the President of the Hawaiian Mission. Bro. Cluff received us with cordiality, and directed us to the headquarters of the Latter-day Saints, where we spent a pleasant time.

We remained about four hours in Honolulu when the whistle of the ship summoned us to get aboard, which we did. The remainder of the voyage was uneventful. After a lapse of two weeks we reached Auckland, New Zealand. This was on the 22nd of May, 1882. We felt thankful to our Heavenly Father for preserving us on that voyage of 6050 miles, and permitting us to land in tolerably good health.

(To be Continued.)

LET amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the greatest spaces thereof.

THE shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.



## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1885.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



**N**EVER, in the history of the Church, has the anger and hatred of the wicked been more apparent against the Church of God than at present. The Latter-day Saints are passing through an ordeal. The Lord is permitting their faith to be tried. The enemies of the truth are proceeding to lengths never before known in this Territory. Those who are exposed the most, and against whom the chief proceedings are directed, are those who have sought to obey the celestial law of marriage. Does this seem strange to the children? Do you ever ask the question, why it is that those who have striven to be the most faithful in keeping the commandments of God should be the most persecuted? Some people might imagine that they would be so favored, because of their obedience that they would escape all trouble. They might imagine that they who were not so obedient would be the ones to be stirred up and annoyed.

"All that will live godly in Christ Jesus," the Apostle Paul says, "shall suffer persecution." There is a reason for this. Satan has power in the earth. A large portion of mankind listen to him and are controlled by him. He hates the truth, and he has made it and its believers unpopular. Therefore, the nearer men live like the wicked world the more popular they are with the world. But the nearer they approach to godliness, and the less they give heed to Satan, the more they are persecuted. He wages war upon all those who will not be governed by him. He seeks for their destruction, and when he has the power he sheds their blood.

But some may ask: "Why does the Lord suffer Satan to persecute the Saints? They are good people, and why does He not protect them?"

He does protect and deliver them. If He did not, they would have been destroyed long ago. But He has His own way of doing this. He does not work according to men's ideas and views. His methods are as much above ours as the heavens are higher than the earth. We look at the present. We are apt to measure success or defeat by that which takes place immediately around us in this life. But not so with the Lord. His glance comprehends eternity.

Persecution does not hurt anybody. It has a good effect. It tries and proves people. Their faith and integrity are tested. They are led to seek the Lord. If faithful, they become stronger and in every way better under persecution. The weak, the unbelieving, the hypocrite, and all who are only Saints in name, are brought to light. They cannot endure the pressure. They are separated from the Church. By this process the Church is purified. The tares, which are continually growing among the wheat, are brought to light,

and the wheat has more room to grow and spread. Persecution is not pleasant. We all shrink from it more or less. Yet its effect upon the Church has been most beneficial.

"But why," it may be asked, "should the members of the Church who seek to obey the celestial law of marriage be more persecuted than those who do not?"

One reason is, those who obey that law approach nearer to godliness and excite more opposition on the part of Satan and those under his influence. But, we ask, why should not those who obey this law be more persecuted and tried than others? They aim to attain a higher glory. They desire, by obeying the law that pertains to exaltation, to reach the glory where God and Christ are. To be counted worthy to enjoy this glory they must be willing to endure all things, to be like gold seven times purified in the fire. They who reach the celestial glory must be tried and proved in all things. Depend upon it, if there is a weak spot in their character it will be found out. They must, by the grace of God to assist them, overcome all their weaknesses and bear patiently every trial and affliction that may lie in their pathway; yes, even death itself if it should be necessary.

Why, then, should they expect to escape persecution? As the world now is, with Satan wielding so much power as he does, they should not expect to escape trials of this kind. They appear to be necessary. But such Saints have many advantages, and these make up to them for all they suffer. They have the consciousness of keeping the commandments of the Lord. This is a cause of strength and comfort. The Lord, also, bestows His Holy Spirit in abundance upon them. This enables them to bear patiently and joyously every kind of persecution and affliction. They rejoice and are exceeding glad, for so persecuted the world the prophets which were before them.

It was often remarked by President Brigham Young, that with all the troubles and difficulties the Saints have had to endure, their position has always been much better than that of their enemies. This, doubtless, is the case with the Saints of this dispensation. Let the lives of Latter-day Saints be compared with the lives of their enemies, and how much more desirable in every way the condition of the former appears! In temporal circumstances the Saints in this Territory appear to be blessed above people of their class elsewhere; but how can a comparison be made between the blessings which flow unto them from the gospel and the blessings which other people enjoy? In this respect the condition of the Saints is incomparably superior.

**W**HILE upon this subject permit us to give to you, our little readers, some words of counsel. In times like the present some people of little faith allow themselves to be tormented by apprehensions of what is going to happen. These fears in Latter-day Saints are nothing less than folly. Does not God reign as much now as when times were smooth and easy? If He does, can we not trust Him as much now as we did then? He is watching over His people. He will not permit the wicked to go one inch farther than He sees is good for us. Of this we may be sure. We should never take a step at any time without seeking to know from Him if it is right and obtaining His blessing upon it. This having been done, we should then be courageous and strong. Our house is then built upon a rock, and not upon the sand, and when the rains descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon the house, it will not fall. When this is the case with us what room is there for fear? When a spirit of



fear and trembling takes possession of Latter-day Saints they are in a bad condition. The Spirit of the Lord is not there; for that Spirit casteth out all fear. When Saints give way to distrust and fear, to doubt and depression and are discouraged, they should know that they are under an evil influence. The Spirit of the Lord bears no such fruit. It gives courage, strength and comfort, it fills one with hope, peace and joy. All gloom, distrust and apprehension are banished, and confidence in the Lord and His power to save us is supreme. No matter how dark the prospects, this is the way Latter-day Saints should always feel. This is the way the Lord desires us to feel. When any other feeling prevails we may know it is not from God.

### INAUGURATION DAY.

ON the fourth of this month Washington City, the capital of this nation, will be the scene of great excitement and imposing ceremonies. The assembled multitudes will have the opportunity of seeing for the first time in twenty-eight years the inauguration of a Democratic president. Judging from the extensive preparations which are being made the event will not be surpassed in grandeur by that of any similar occasion that has ever transpired in this country. The friends of Mr. Cleveland seem determined to make his entrance into this high position an event long to be remembered both by himself as well as the people.

The ceremonies attending the inauguration of a president in these days are different to what they were in the early days of the republic. True, Washington and Adams were ushered into office with some of the style and display common to royalty in England; but Jefferson instituted a reform in this respect, which to the American people was quite pleasing. Dressed in plain black clothes he rode without guard or servant to the old Capitol, where he dismounted and hitched his horse to the fence. He was met on the steps by a number of friends with whom he walked to the Senate Chamber, where he delivered his inaugural address. The annual messages, too, which during previous administrations had been read by the president himself to a conjoint meeting of both houses of Congress, Jefferson submitted in writing and they were read by the respective clerks of both houses. This latter practice has been observed ever since.

Another act of reform accredited to Jefferson was to cease giving the numerous balls and receptions which were so common in the time of Washington and Adams. He established two public days for the reception of company—the first of January and the fourth of July. On other days he was ready, however, to receive any person who might call either on business or out of courtesy. This arrangement met with the unqualified disapproval of Washington ladies and they determined to try and have the old custom renewed.

On the day which in former times had been set apart for a ball, the ladies resorted in full dress to the presidential mansion. Jefferson was out taking a ride on horseback. On his return he saw many elegantly-dressed ladies in the public rooms, and immediately understood the object of their visit. But he was not to be foiled in his purpose, and he appeared before his fair guests booted and spurred, and covered with dust.

So courteous was he in his reception of them and so graceful in his manners that the ladies went away delighted with

the president, but annoyed with themselves for their rudeness in attempting to break through his household rules. They never were guilty of a similar act.

President-elect Cleveland has been compared, by some of his admiring friends, with Jefferson for simplicity of manners and honesty of purpose, but whether the comparison is a just one time will prove. It is to be sincerely hoped, however, that the fourth of March may see a man placed in position as chief executive of this nation who will be full of integrity, fearless in the discharge of his duty and who will faithfully oppose error and corruption from whatever source it may come.

V. I. D.

### THE SCIPIO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THERE being some difference of opinion among teachers of Sunday schools as to the advisability of giving scholars prizes for good attendance and behavior, we take the liberty of inserting the following extract from a letter written by Brother Thomas Memmott, superintendent of the Scipio Sunday school, which will doubtless prove of interest and may be suggestive to those who have charge of Sunday schools elsewhere:

"Some years ago when taking up a new field here, we took in ten acres of land for the Sunday school for which we now have the deeds. The brethren donated a ten acre water claim, and when another brother donated five acres more land; thus our Sunday school now owns fifteen acres of land and ten of water.

"We plant this with grain, hire out the land and the proceeds are used for our Sunday school.

"We made Brother Yates, our Co-op. Superintendent, treasurer. When the grain is thrashed it goes to him and he kindly allows us the highest cash price, we never closing out to him until we think grain is at its highest price.

"Now we give small tickets to the scholars for early attendance and also for other good causes. These small tickets have a cash value—half a cent. These are redeemed with larger tickets whose value is two cents. These are in turn redeemed with anything proper on a cash basis. Thus many good books have got into the hands of our children from this source. At the beginning of this year many had saved up their tickets, and we offered to take them on JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR subscriptions, and the result is six new subscribers from that source. Thus placing in the hands of the children the best work of the times for them."

AN EARLY MANUSCRIPT OF THE BIBLE.—The Duke of Sussex, uncle of her present majesty, possessed a very fine manuscript of the thirteenth century, upon vellum, in two volumes, entitled, "Biblia Sacra Hebraica." At the end of the second volume was the following curious inscription in Hebrew:

"I, Meyer, the son of Rabbi Jacob, the Scribe, have finished this book for Rabbi Abraham, the year 5052 (A. D. 1292), and he has bequeathed it to his children, and his children's children, for ever. Amen, Amen, Amen. Be strong and strengthened. May the book not be damaged this day nor for ever, until the ass ascends the ladder." After this was drawn the figure of an ass ascending a ladder.

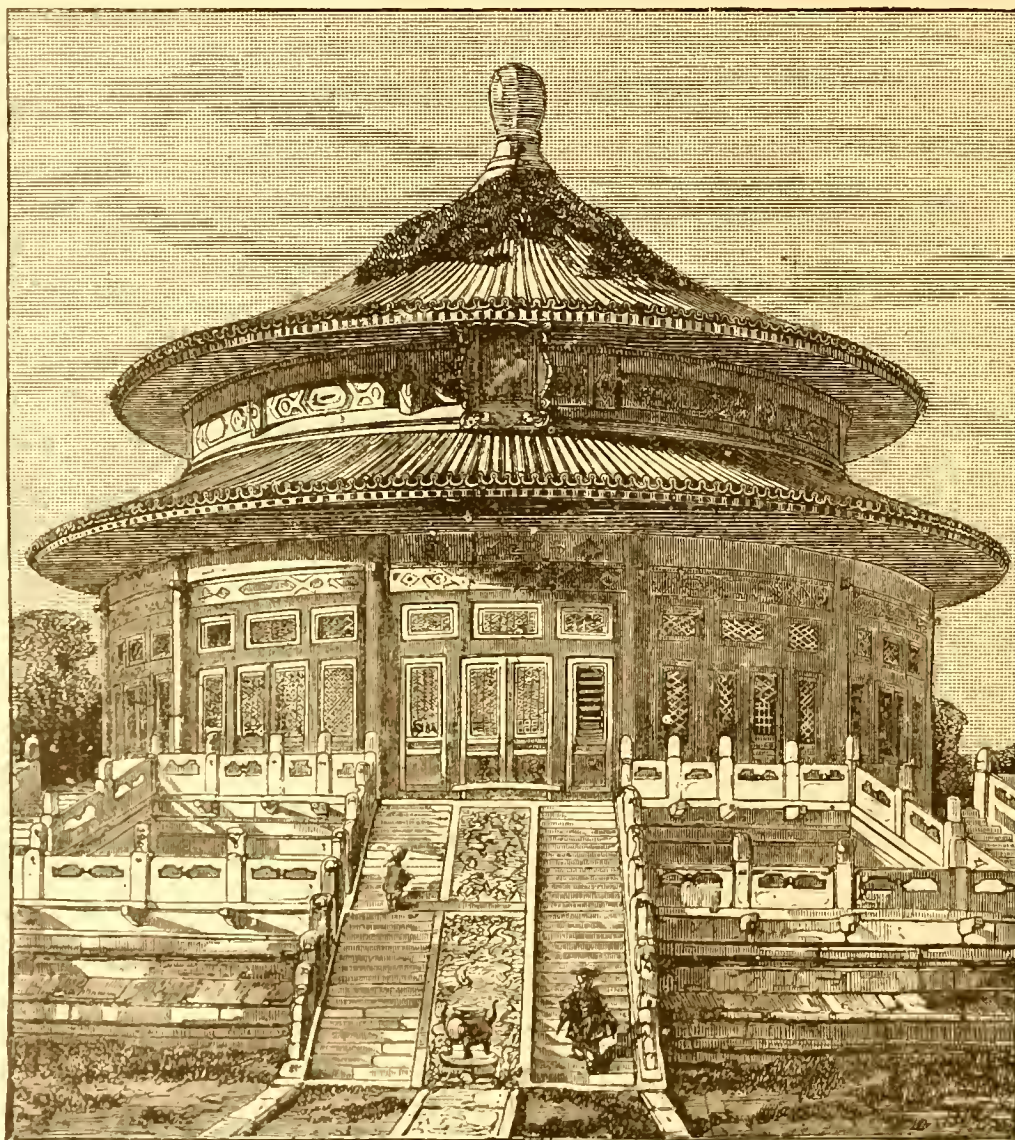


## CHINESE TEMPLES.

THE Chinese, unlike many so-called Christians, are said to be worshipers of material beings or objects. They have several edifices which were erected for sacred purposes. These buildings are known as the Temple of Heaven, the Temple of the Sun, the Temple of the Moon, the Temple of the Earth, etc. The one represented in the picture is called the Temple of the Sun. The Temple of Heaven is the principal one. In it the emperor is crowned and is supposed to assume the gov-

of sacrifices, etc. Foreigners are not admitted into the Temple of Heaven, as the Chinese consider it would be polluted thereby. Even the masses of the natives are excluded for fear of their profaning its sacredness.

The more one learns concerning the customs of different peoples—their modes of worship and their ideas of the Deity—the greater is his inclination to the belief that mankind have degenerated from a higher standard of perfection than they are now able to attain. We know of nothing that goes to prove that man sprang from a lower order of animal life—



ernment of the whole earth, although his authority is not recognized by any outside the Chinese empire. He also makes yearly sacrifices within its walls, invoking the blessings of heaven upon his domains. He offers similar sacrifices in the other temples, though not so often. There is a paved road leading from the palace of the emperor to the Temple of Heaven over which the ruler is carried in a car drawn by six white elephants. Within the enclosure of another building called the Temple of Agriculture the emperor is required once a year to plow up the ground and plant seed. Other ceremonies are performed upon this occasion, such as the offering

that through a series of changes or evolutions, which occupied ages, he finally attained his present position in the first rank of the animal kingdom. There are individuals, and a great many of them, too, who are not satisfied with the account of the origin of man as given in the Bible. Some of these men, with more self-conceit than common sense, have endeavored to account for human existence in what they consider a more reasonable way. It is almost needless to say that they have invariably failed. The theories they invent are like bags of gas, with no more body or weight; and when they come in contact with a spark of truth they immediately



explode, and there is nothing left of them. Those who have made the deepest researches into antiquity are of the opinion that in the early ages of the world's history mankind were in possession of greater and more accurate knowledge upon most subjects than they are to-day. They are sustained in their belief by substantial evidences. The pages of history, the facts gained by antiquarians through their researches among the ruins of ancient cities, and the more sure word of modern revelation, all go to prove that their views are correct.

The vague conceptions that heathens have of the Supreme Being and the manner of worshipping Him suggest the idea that they were once in possession of correct knowledge upon these subjects, or that they received their notions from a true source. The character and meaning of the mythology of various nations seem to impress one with the belief that all peoples are from the same family, or that they once received the same kind of religious training; and that the teachings imparted unto them were from inspired men. Many heathen nations believe in building sacred edifices or temples for the worship of the Deity. This is another evidence that their forms of worship were not originated by man; but that they are the results of the true form being corrupted through the loss of inspiration for their guidance.

The doctrines believed in by some heathen worshippers so much resemble the teachings of true Christianity that some men have asserted their belief that they must have been learned from the ancient apostles of Christ, or from some of His followers. Again, some of the religious rites practiced by heathens are similar to those which the Israelites were required to obey in the days of Moses and for a long time afterwards.

The ruins of Assyria, Egypt, China, Japan, Peru and many other places show evidences of ancient civilizations that would excel any of modern times.

From both sacred and secular history we learn of the wonderful progress made by the ancients in the knowledge of arts and sciences, and in gaining wisdom. It appears that those who were considered heathens in ancient times knew more about heavenly things than do the professed Christians of to-day. For an instance of this we will call your attention to Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, who was a heathen. When the three Hebrews were cast into the fiery furnace by order of the king, Nebuchadnezzar, seeing four personages walking about in the flames, exclaimed that the fourth was like the Son of God. We suppose from this that he had learned from some source to recognize the personal appearance of the Son of God.

The similarity that exists to a remarkable extent between the languages of peoples separated from each other by great distances, goes to show that they are from the same parentage. Notwithstanding the fact that the language of the people was confounded while they were building the Tower of Babel, there still remains some likeness between most all the languages of the earth.

A traveler who spent many years in studying the language and style of writing used by the ancients, states his belief that Adam spoke a perfect language; that he possessed a method of writing that was superior to anything now known; and that in short he was a perfect man, with all the talents and accomplishments that it is possible for mankind to attain. But through carelessness and neglect the art of writing was almost lost entirely, and the language became corrupted.

This is indeed a more sensible, rational and admirable conception of the condition of primitive man than that advocated

by the evolutionist. It also accords with what the scripture teaches us concerning our first parents. We are informed in the Bible that Adam was the son of God, and that God created man in His own image. From this we would naturally believe that He endowed him with all the faculties belonging to mankind.

E. F. P.

## HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

### CHAPTER IV.

SI WHOPSCOTT and Lawyer Higbee proceeded in good faith with their inventory. They had made a perfectly correct report to Thorndyke of the lumber in the mill-yard, but in pursuance of his paltry plot to secure influence with Samantha he had written fictitious entries upon the lists and then caused her to believe that her husband and the lawyer had some plan on foot to withhold from her a portion of the property. He was rewarded for his treachery by the selfish and suspicious woman, without losing the confidence of his employer and the old lumberman. The day following the execution of his project Rupert again remained at the mill-house. He was not needed at the several logging camps, since both he and Samantha knew that Si could have no possible object in withholding from the lists the correct number of logs; and he was instructed by Mr. Higbee to prosecute the work of copying the papers. This was very agreeable to Thorndyke, who saw thus an opportunity to make love to Hannah and increase his influence with her mother. Samantha also deemed it to her advantage, since she was anxious to secure to herself an alliance with this shrewd young clerk. But most of all it was happiness for Hannah, who, in a rough almost tigerish fashion, had begun to fairly love Rupert.

After the lapse of a few days the work was all completed, the papers made and the property delivered to its new owner. The lawyer and his clerk returned to Boulder. Rupert had not openly declared his affection to Hannah but he had made many allusions to it, and she thought that she had every reason to believe that he loved her. With Samantha he had not been so conservative; and they two had agreed that he should be called upon at any time when legal advice was needed by Mrs. Whopscott. Believing himself master of the situation and knowing how effective absence is in some cases, Rupert stayed away from the mill for ten days, at the expiration of which time he received a message from Samantha asking him to visit her at once. Upon his arrival at the house she was absent at the mill overlooking the work personally, and giving orders in her sharp, unpleasant voice as if she had been a competent mill-hand for twenty years. The young man could not lose this opportunity to further his suit with Hannah, and during the hour which followed, aided by a few languishing looks, and some soft speeches, he had won Hannah's consent to become Mrs. Thorndyke.

When Samantha reached the house she did not even wait to greet Mr. Thorndyke with a welcome, but blurted out:

"Well, you've come at last, have you? I want your help. Si Whopscott's been drunk again. Where he gets the money I can't tell; I warned him that if he was guilty of any foolishness out he'd go—and out he will go, if there's any such thing



as law in this country to protect an honest, hard-working woman in her rights. I want to know if I'm obliged to keep that good-for-nothing, lazy, drunken vagabond around here any longer. Can't I drive him and his mules off the place, and forbid him ever to come back again?"

Thorndyke considered for a moment, and then answered that Mrs. Whopscott, being the possessor in her own right of all the property around the mill, including the house and its surroundings, could order Si away, and compel him at least to leave the property untouched. As to the right which Si might have to enter the domicile Thorndyke was not so clear. But without giving offense to Samantha he managed to intimate that she could make it so warm about the house for her husband that he would have little anxiety to remain.

Mrs. Whopscott accepted the advice and agreed to follow it. She would at once forbid Si's interference in the mill management and would order him to take his departure. If he failed to observe her demands she asserted that she could very easily make life a burden for him until he would be glad to concede her points.

Hannah had been present and had once or twice ventured a remonstrance; but had been abruptly silenced by her mother. She felt a shock of most intense pain when she saw that it was upon the advice and really with the consent of her lover that her father was to be impoverished and turned adrift. But when the conversation had reached this definite point Samantha ordered Hannah to another part of the house and then said to Rupert confidentially,

"I'll never have any peace about the place while that girl stays to snivel and swear. She don't seem to care anything for her mother, and she's completely wrapped up in that old villain, Si Whopscott. I half wish she'd go with him."

This brought the subject in a startling way before Thorndyke, for once he lost his self-possession. But after a moment's thought he concluded to put a bold face on the matter and accordingly he asked Mrs. Whopscott for her daughter's hand in marriage, saying that he believed that Hannah would not be averse to giving her consent. Samantha seemed startled by the suddenness of the proposition, and turned rather curtly from Thorndyke. She was about to say that he might be Hannah's husband if he chose, but if he accepted that situation he could not be her confidential man of business. When he noticed the unfavorable light in her eyes he quickly interposed:

"My dear Mrs. Whopscott, do not suppose for a moment that this could make me serve you any the less faithfully. Because the girl and I have taken a fancy to each other is no sign that I approve of her foolishness concerning her father. If you consent to our marriage I shall endeavor to wean her affection from that disreputable person and shall endeavor to keep him at arm's length from you and Hannah. Think of it for a few moments and I believe you will see that I could in this way render you much more help than under any other circumstances."

Mrs. Whopscott agreed to give the matter consideration and that afternoon, much to Rupert's delight and to Hannah's surprise she gave her full consent to the marriage only stipulating that the ceremony should be performed immediately. That afternoon Rupert returned to Boulder to make arrangements for his wedding within a week.

At night Hannah, full of her new-found happiness, wandered down to the river where she had first thought of loving Thorndyke, and left her father and mother alone at the house. This was Samantha's opportunity and she used it unsparingly.

She first accused Si of theft and double-dealing and drunkenness, and finally declared that he could live at the mill no longer since she could not trust to his honesty nor sobriety. This blow fell with shattering force upon the old man and he remonstrated in a pathetic way which would have won mercy from anyone who had a heart. But his pleadings were unavailing and long before Hannah returned from the scene of her happy reverie poor Si Whopscott had agreed to leave the mill and the house, and never set foot upon the premises again.

When the girl came back she was too much engrossed in her own thoughts to notice that there had been a quarrel and that her father looked crushed. She was about to retire to her own room without even saying good-night when her mother called her back and said:

"A nice father you've got Hannah Whopscott, and very proud Mr. Thorndyke will be of his new relation when you get married."

Even the uncouth Hannah flushed at this coarse allusion to her lover; and being recalled to herself was about to say something in defense of her father when he burst out with a torrent of profanity and indignantly closed with saying:

"S'manthy Whopscott don't you never mention that man's name along with the name of my leetle girl, for he's a low varmint. You may drive me from house and home, but yer sha'nt insult my daughter in that way."

The old man's words struck Hannah speechless with indignation. For the first time and all in a second she fairly hated her father. Samantha saw the effect upon the girl, and hastened to make the breach between father and daughter still wider.

She said: "It's like you Si Whopscott to talk so about your betters and to refuse this girl the best chance she could ever have of being happy. You're a selfish brute; and I hope that Hannah knows now who's her real friend. She shall marry Mr. Thorndyke if she wants to and you can't prevent it."

The old man turned a pleading glance upon his daughter and cried: "Oh Hannah! my dear leetle girl, don't marry that skunk. Let your mother have all this property and you come along with me, and I'll work for you day an' night to make you comfortable and keep you safe from harm—but don't, oh don't give yourself away to such a whippersnapper as that Thorndyke!"

Instead of being melted by this appeal of her father's, Hannah was more hardened than ever. She spurned the old man's outstretched hands, looked at him disdainfully, and then went and sat by her mother.

The old man seemed ready to die with pain and anger. He looked first at the mother and then at Hannah, reached out his hands once or twice in a pitiful way and seemed about to speak. But he either restrained himself or else the words stuck in his throat; and he turned without a word and opened the door. He looked out once into the black night and then again at his wife and daughter. For a full minute his gaze rested upon Hannah, first in anger and then with a yearning tenderness most sorrowful to see. Tears welled from his old eyes, and coursed down his cheeks, and then, without a sound he was gone.

Next morning just at daylight Si Whopscott was seen driving through Boulder and when someone asked him where he was going, he answered, "To the deuce."

If Hannah worried about her father for a moment, all thought of him was dissipated by the light of her coming happiness. Her mother was almost kind to her, Rupert was very



attentive, and within a week Hannah Whopscott was called Mrs. Thorndyke.

M t a h.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE STATE OF THE  
LAMANITES.

BY J. R. F.

READING the promises contained in the Book of Mormon to the Lamanites calls to mind the present state of that race and the labor that will be required to raise them from the lowly condition into which they have fallen, and to enlighten their benighted minds so that they may receive the truth and comprehend it. The promises to them are certainly great, but nothing short of the Spirit and power of God can raise them to what they are to be.

A traveler recently returned from Spanish America, after having spent several years among the Indians, draws such a picture of their condition that we would wish to draw a veil over it were it not for the knowledge we have that a great change in their condition is near at hand.

The Mexican Indian is noted for his patient endurance of fatigue and pain. He is exceedingly tenacious of old customs. After three centuries of constant intercourse with Europeans he still keeps aloof from the foreigner and continues to live in his native village. He speaks his hereditary language, delights in his old pastimes and, according to reports of reliable travelers, occasionally worships in secret his ancestral idols.

Slavery is prohibited by law in Mexico, yet upon the plantations the Indians are in reality slaves. The extravagant and licentious outbursts in which they occasionally indulge bring them under pecuniary obligations, leading them to sell themselves for a number of years, or even for life, to the landlord, who is ever ready and willing to bring about this condition of things.

Ever since the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards the natives have been subjected to a system of tyranny, oppression and cruelty which has few parallels in the history of the world. They are treated as beasts of burden by the government and kept in abject servitude by the church. The former burdens them with taxes, compels them to perform labor without remuneration, confiscates their property when it sees fit and compels them to buy what it has to sell at its own price. The latter requires a strict observance of every church duty and extorts from them enormous fees to support the clergy. In this way fees are required for marriages and even for permission to bury the dead. Not long since there existed a system of oppression known as the *mita*, a compulsory personal labor. They were compelled to work mines, cultivate fields, etc., for the space of a year. So much was the labor of mines dreaded that they looked upon it as a sentence of death and governed themselves accordingly.

An estimate may be formed of the extent of this evil when it is known that 12,000 annually were required by the *mita* of Potosa alone. It is estimated that in the mines of Peru 8,285,000 have perished in this manner. Sixty thousand were

held to serve as *pongos* or menial servants in Peru and Bolivia at one time.

The Peruvian Indians were long subjected to another system, very grievous and unjust, known as the law of *repartimiento*. This was originally established with the intention of supplying the Indians with such articles as they might need at fair and reasonable prices, but it was shamefully abused and it was made compulsory on the Indians to purchase articles of the most worthless description at fabulous prices, whether they needed them or not. Thus razors were forced at an exorbitant price on Indians who had no beards to shave. This system of legal swindling is still practiced in some parts of South America.

In Equador the Indian national beverage is *chicha*. It was the beverage when the Spanish took possession of the country and it has maintained itself to this day. It is brewed in many Indian habitations, from Indian corn in copper kettles. Its taste is slightly acid and not altogether unpleasant. Those who make it and their friends and relatives, together with their children, often sit around their kettle like witches around a cauldron, uncombed and unwashed, on the earthen floor of their dark, smoke-blackened, windowless, filthy hovels which dogs, pigs and chickens share with their human masters. "There they sit, men and women, and sot and dote upon one another, and grin and simper, dance and sing, drink and revel until they sink to the dirty ground overcome and exhausted not to awake again till next morning, when they rise to repeat the scenes of the previous day."

This is the manner in which they have been civilized by their Spanish conquerors.

The white portion of the community never make any serious efforts to raise the Indian from his abject condition: on the contrary the general tendency is to oppress and degrade him still more. Labor being considered disreputable by the white gentlemen, what would become of the country if the Indians took it into their heads to become something better than mere drudges? They are now considered as little better than beasts of burden. While horses and mules are called *bagages mayores*, asses and Indians are called *bagages menores*. That is to say as a beast of burden the Indian is considered below the horse and mule and on a level with the donkey.

Kicks and brutal words are the only encouragements the Indian receives from his betters, before whom he crouches in abject servility and cowardice. He is destitute of all ambition, energy, industry and spirit of enterprise. He is so accustomed to be a slave and to be kicked and cuffed about all his life time until now he does not aspire to be anything else. If he has enough to give some money to the priest and buy raw food and *chicha* for what remains he is satisfied. He needs no bed, for he sleeps on lousy sheep skins spread on the bare ground of the hovel in which he lives. He needs no books, for he cannot read. All his money that does not find its way into the bottomless coffers of the church is spent to satisfy his greedy appetite. He is a stranger to the higher emotions of human nature; he has long forgotten the ancient and glorious traditions of his race. The great names of *Huayna Capac* and *Atahualpa* are meaningless sounds in his ears.

The most that can be said of the Peruvian Indians is that they are not savages. They are humble, submissive, docile and obedient, and, if we except the ill-treatment of their wives, they seldom commit acts of violence. They will go to mass with the utmost regularity; they will go to confession as often as the church prescribes; they will give the church more than



they should in justice to themselves. They will kneel down before the image of every saint and prostrate themselves before the image of the holy Virgin; they will say their prayers many times a day and will punctually comply with all the outward observances of the church. They will carry the heavy statues of the saints at the many processions gotten up by the church during the year and they will carefully attend their own separate religious festivals and processions, but they know nothing of religion except its outward forms and ceremonies.

It has never entered their ignorant minds that He who died with publicans and sinners and selected His apostles from among humble fishermen would also extend His kind hand to them. They know not, neither could their minds grasp the fact, that they are a chosen race and that it has been said of them:

"For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. \* \* \* Behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates and thy gates of carbuncles and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children. In righteousness shalt thou be established: thou shalt be far from oppression for thou shalt not fear, and from terror for it shall not come near thee."

The word "Indian" is a term of contempt among them and they cannot offer a greater insult to one another than by the epithet, *Indis brute*. They will never call one another bad names without strengthening their vocabulary by the term, "Indian," which is the most effective and most expressive of all.

At their revels they sing and dance to the tune of a drum and a fife or harp. It is but one and the same sad and monotonous tune they play and to which they sing and dance for hours and days. The same tune that enlivens their festivals resounds at their funerals; but that tune is full of the deepest significance. It is low and plaintive, like the mourning of a subjected race bewailing the loss of its ancient greatness and its present misery and degradation.

A few years since they made an attempt to throw off the Spanish yoke and be free, but they lacked leaders and unity.

They are now considered too cowardly to be allowed in the army. Yet it is written of them:

"I will make thy horn iron and thy hoofs brass, and thou shalt beat in pieces many people."

## THE LAST JUDGMENT.

*A Dialogue for three boys—Nephi, Clark and John.*

BY L. K. YOUNG.

NEPHI.—Have you seen the panorama that is now going about, boys?

CLARK.—Yes we were present last night. Were you there?

N.—Yes. I am working up to the mill, but got permission from my employer to come down, and I am well paid for my trouble.

JOHN.—Which scene did you boys like best?

C.—I hardly know how to answer that question. Give us your opinion, Nephi, while I think a little.

N.—The last judgment seemed to make the greatest impression upon my mind, for the reason that it applies to me individually.

J.—How to you more than to each one of the human family?

N.—It does not, for it means every person that has lived or ever will live on this earth, if I understand it correctly. Now, Clark, a penny for your thoughts.

C.—I was very much interested with the great pyramid, but like you was deeply impressed with the scene entitled the Last Judgment. The personages dressed in white, looked so beautiful and happy as they tripped along the street paved with gold, that wound through that lovely green, to the gate of the great white throne.

J.—And did you look on the other side? That was as dreadful as the one you have described was beautiful. It almost makes me shudder to think of anyone being thrown into such a terrible place of torture.

N.—And every one whose name is not written in the Lamb's book of life will go there.

C.—I wonder if our names are written in that book?

N.—I hope so, for if they are not we will never behold the great white throne, if Brother Smith told the truth.

J.—Do they put our names in that book when we are children or not until we are older?

C.—I don't know, but if they are there now they can be erased if we do any wicked thing, if that book is like ours.

J.—We boys have never done anything very bad have we Nephi? You are the oldest and we are nearly always together.

N.—We have been a little bad some times. Don't you remember anything we have done that was wrong?

C.—Yes, I remember that big melon which did not belong to us that we ate under the bank last Fall.

J.—But we did not mean to be wicked; we only did it for fun.

N.—It was not much fun then, and it is not much fun to think about it now either.

C.—That is about the first time we have done such things, and I motion we let it be the last.

N. and J.—I second that motion.

N.—And I motion we go and ask forgiveness for those wrongs and then perhaps the Lord will forgive us.

J.—That is not so easily done; it hurts our pride to acknowledge a fault and ask forgiveness.

N.—It is only our false pride that is hurt. True pride delights in honesty and truthfulness, so pa says.

C.—We want to cultivate true pride don't we, so we will grow up to be honest, upright men.

N.—Yes we do, and we might as well make a start to day as any time. You know our Sunday school teacher told us to set our aim high, if we wanted to become good men.

J.—If some of the boys find this out, they will make fun of us and call us religious.

N.—Never mind if they do; let us show them that we can do as the song says: "Dare to do right," and see who will win.

C.—New we have made some good resolutions to-day we will have to watch ourselves closely, or we will not be able to carry them out.

J.—If we do carry them out we will get our names in the Lamb's book of life; don't you think so, Nephi?

N.—I hope so. We certainly will if we keep the commandments of God, and are never caught in the snares of the evil one again.



A POOR, WAYFARING MAN OF GRIEF.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY E. BEESLEY.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,  
 He entered—not a word he spake!  
 Just perishing for want of bread;  
 I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,  
 And ate, but gave me part again;  
 Mine was an angel's portion then;  
 For while I fed with eager haste,  
 The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst  
 Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;  
 The heedless water mocked his thirst;  
 He heard it, saw it hurrying on.  
 I ran and raised the suff'rer up;  
 Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,  
 Dipped, and returned it running o'er;  
 I drank and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew  
 A winter hurricane aloof;  
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
 To bid him welcome to my roof.  
 I warmed and clothed and cheered my guest;  
 I laid him on my couch to rest;  
 Then made the earth my bed, and seemed  
 In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
 I found him by the highway side;  
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
 Revived his spirit, and supplied  
 Wine, oil, refreshment—he was healed;  
 I had myself a wound concealed;  
 But from that hour forgot the smart,  
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned  
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn;  
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
 And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.  
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
 He asked if I for him would die;  
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
 But the free spirit cried, "I will!"

Then in a moment to my view,  
 The stranger darted from disguise;  
 The tokens in his hands I knew;  
 The Savior stood before mine eyes.  
 He spake, and my poor name he named—  
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed;  
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;  
 Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

NOTE.—We publish this hymn as a relic or curiosity, as it is historically connected with the most diabolical tragedy that ever disgraced the American continent—the assassination of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum. The circumstances which make it memorable are as follows: In the afternoon of the 27th day of June, 1844, the day of the martyrdom, the prisoners in Carthage jail felt unusually dull and languid. Their spirits were depressed and gloomy, and they were possessed with indefinite ominous forebodings. In consonance with these feelings, Elder (now President) John Taylor sang this hymn to the tune here set to it. After awhile Hyrum Smith requested him to again sing it. He replied that he did not feel like singing. "Oh, never mind," said Hyrum, "commence singing, and you will get the spirit of it." Soon after singing it the second time the mob appeared in front of the jail. The subsequent occurrences all are no doubt familiar with.



## LINES ON CONSTANCY.

BY J. C.

Be up and make hay while the bright sun is shining,  
While the season is fit and the weather is dry,  
And sit not in sorrow and trouble repining,  
Till the wild, raving tempest has blackened the sky.

Full many a life has been withered and blighted,  
And many a hope has been clouded for aye;  
And rife are the wrongs that may never be righted,  
By trusting to-morrow and slighting to-day.

The arm at the anvil must ever be ready  
The hammer to wield when the weld must be made;  
The swift, winding river rolls constant and steady,  
Till on the sea's bosom its burden is laid.

The bright sun that scatters the mists of the morning  
Climbs up the great dome to its zenith on high;  
No cloud for a moment could stay his returning,  
To sink in the depths of the far western sky.

The streamlet that steals from the small bubbling fountain,  
The ivy that creeps up the moss-covered wall,  
And the eagle that flutters o'er yonder bald mountain—  
Fill duties assigned them with credit to all.

While man, by his Maker made lord of creation,  
Sits sluggishly, lazily, listlessly by,  
To meet the stern duties that mark his high station  
With a shrug of his shoulders, a yawn, or a sigh.

How grand are the lessons that nature may teach us!  
How rich the examples experience can give!  
But, blind and conceited, so slowly they reach us,  
That often we die ere we learn how to live.

No wonder man's life is a mystery to others,  
Since e'en to himself it a puzzle appears;  
Some vain, idle whim often pesters and bothers  
The worth of his youth and the weight of his years.

## PI.

BY A PRINTERS' DEVIL.

OWN, fi oyu aen lell  
Thaw sethe threset elpl,  
Ljts neds ni ruyo mane,  
Dan le'wl shiplub het mase.

If each group of letters is properly arranged,  
Into four lines of rhyme the pi will then be changed.

## SQUARE WORD PUZZLE.

1, the name of a Territory. 2, a story. 3, a man's name.  
4, a force. If the words are placed one under the other they  
will read the same from top to bottom as from left to right.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 3 is VALENTINE. It has been correctly solved by C. E. Draper, St. John's, Tooele Co.; Edwin G. Parker, Hooper City; Fred H. Ottley, Union; Marinda Monson, Richmond; Isabel Holley, Springville; Samuel Stark, Payson; Wm. Brewer, Hennesfer; Lizzie Lloyd, West Jordan; Mrs. E. Goodman, Minersville; Ernest Smedley, Bountiful; Josephine Workman, Farmington; Elizabeth J. Clarke, Newton; Thomas C. Jones and Elizabeth A. Mumford, Salt Lake City.

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## RULES:

None but original productions will be received for competition. The same person can send any number of competitive Enigmas or Puzzles. All Puzzles, Enigmas, etc. for competition must be received at this office before the 1st of May, 1885.

## THE COST OF BOOKS.

SINCE the art of printing was discovered books have become so numerous and are so cheap as to be within the reach of all. In fact it is very truly remarked that "to books there is no end." But there was a time when he who possessed a single book was considered rich. Then such articles were prepared only at the cost of much time and money and great patience on the part of copyists, and when finished were very cumbersome.

The king of Northumberland, it is said, in the year 690 gave eight hundred acres of land for a history of the world; while the countess of Anjou at a later date gave two hundred sheep and a large parcel of furs for a small book of homilies, and one hundred and twenty crowns for a single book of Livy.

A Latin Bible was valued at one hundred and fifty dollars in the year 1720 and this was at a time when two arches of London Bridge did not cost an equal amount. The wages of a laborer for fifteen years at that time would only have been sufficient for the purchase of one Bible.

Little do many readers of the JUVENILE imagine how many years of constant toil it has required to bring the art of printing to the state of perfection which it has now attained! Not only, however, did those who introduced it have to encounter arduous labor, but they also had to meet the frowns and opposition of a so-called enlightened world, and it was only by persistent energy that what we now behold has been accomplished.

V.

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